THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Size of Pictures Drawn For The Bulletin

They must be either 2 3-16 wide for single column, and 4 6-16 for double column. The lines must come within these measurements.

WIN A THRIFT STAMP

Winning Wide-Awake Letters are rewarded with a Thrift Stamp, with an extra Stamp for every fourth book won.

State your preference, stamp or book.

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

DICKIE.

Dickie was a lazy pony;
Loads to him were never good;
And one day we filled the wagon
More than Dickie thought we should.

Five of us besides the doggie
(Doggie's name was Pit-a-pat);
Dickie stuck his ears straight upward,
Saying, "Just please feel of that!"

'Liz'beth sat in front with Ida;
Dot and I sat on the floor;
Lyle with Pit-a-pat beside her
Crowded down between us four.

Pit-a-pat felt awful crowded,
And he tried his best to fuss;
Growled and snapped around a minute
Just to show his thoughts of us.

Dickie pulled us just a little
Then began with awful vim,
Kicking at the legs of 'Liz'beth
Till he'd knocked off lots of skin.

Then he ran away, did Dickie,
And we couldn't stop him, though
Two of us with all our power
Pulled upon the reins just so.

Lyle fell out upon the roadside,
And we left her sprawling there,
While we sailed on fast and faster,
Hats a-flying everywhere.

Soon the wagon turned and jolted,
Spilling us all out at once;
Then—old Dickie of a sudden
Stopped, just like a perfect dunce.

Pit-a-pat was underneath us,
In the huddle—in the dirt,
But he got himself out somehow
Much disgusted, but not hurt.

Then he ran around to Dickie,
And he barked and bit and fought—
Bit at Dickie's legs—that doggie—
Just because he thought he ought.

Dickie cocked his eyes a little,
"Poor old Pit-a-pat," said he.
"I don't care for your small bitings
Any more than for a flea."

—Southern Woman's Magazine.

"MY SHIP."

I think of my bed as a big, big ship,
To carry me over the sea;
Sometimes we go off on a stormy trip,
My Gollywog and me.

I am the captain, and Golly is crew—
We do have some lovely sails;
And in the sea are great big fish,
Saw-fish, and sharks, and whales.

Some of them frighten us very much,
But Golly and I are brave,
And we fight them with swords and guns and things,
Our beautiful ship to save.

But now, I think, we must say good-by,
For four eyes are beginning to peep,
And we're off in our ship to the "Land of Nod,"
With a great big cargo of sleep.

—Kathleen M. Grant in the Yorkshire Post.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

People go to the seashore all their lives and do not seem interested in the motion, greatness or sounds of the sea.

The action of the sun and moon upon the water give it its action, and every day the wave of the moon and the wave of the sun meet in a tidal wave at a given hour in the ocean in the latitude of Madagascar.

And how great is the sea do do you suppose? Your school books tell you that two-thirds of the globe is covered with water, and we know there are places where it is five miles deep; but this does not give us as clear an idea of its vastness as does the statement, that if the sun should take up out of the ocean and seas of the world all the water in them, it would take all the rivers now running into them eight hundred years to replace the water.

The Japanese, who are a sea-surrounded and sea-faring people, have an old saying that "the sea has a soul and hears;" and the poets tell us of its roar and its whisperings; and the sea-faring people tell us "No mortal ever saw two waves break upon the shore exactly alike."

And not one thinks what the ice and the winds and the tides had to do with the forming of the beach upon which they camp and sing and bathe in the summer time, or when gathering the sea-weeds from the water, realize that while most of them may be from nearby coves and shores, some of them are from the sea-gardens of far-away Bermuda shoals, or the seas of Sargossa, the weed covered sea, in which weeds and refuse drift forever, some of which may have been there since the days of Columbus, a tideless, windless waste of waters, as dangerous to man as the great deserts of earth.

There are lots of things to be thought of by the sea-side besides the cooling breezes and the little joys they afford.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES.

1—Olive Guile of Norwich—Thrift stamp.

2—Raymond Ayer of Norwich—Through by Wireless.

3—Lydia Dugas of Versailles—Red Cross Girls in British Trenches.

4—Ethel Light of Willimantic—Red Cross Girls With Russian Army.

5—Inez Guile of Norwich—Thrift stamp.

6—Sophie Goska of Jewett City—Dorothy on a Ranch.

7—Bertha Lichti of Versailles—Pen's Venture.

8—Rosalie A. Anderson of Norwich—Thrift stamp.

Winners of prizes living in the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them at any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Geraldine Gareau of Southbridge, Mass.: Although I am late in thanking you for the prize book you sent me entitled The Frontier Boys in Colorado, I have read it through and found it very interesting. Thank you again.

Alice Runney of South Coventry: I thank you very much for the Thrift stamp which you sent me for my story.

Hans Stienmeyer of Eagleville: I thank you very much for my Thrift stamp. I had one week's vacation and I earned one dollar and now I have 13. I hope I will win another.

Sarah Hyman of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Making the Last Stand for Old Glory, which I won some time ago. I have read it through and have found it quite interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

The Acorn asd the Pumpkin.

A countryman who was lying at the foot of an oak considered a pumpkin plant in his neighbor's garden.

At this look, our countryman cried: "How is it that such big fruit is supported by such a little thin stem, while the little acorns are suspended on this superb oak?

"If all the things of this world would have been created by me, these big, nice pumpkins would have been put on the oak."

Had he not just said these words, when an acorn fell from the tree, the face of the man was struck by it so justly that the blood came down from his nostrils. "Oh, yes!" said the man, "I just received a good whack for my foolishniess!"

The pumpkin had it been attached at the place of the acorn, would have smashed my nose."

ROSE DUQUETTE, Age 10.
Danielson.

Shag's Side of the Case.

Alice's sister came into the room where the dog was barking.

"Shag is getting to be such a mischief. Look at the books on the shelf of the bookcase! We will have to get rid of him! Don't cry, Alice. How can we have a dog around the house that does such damage? Look at the ink he has upset on the tablespread."

She loved Shag; but what should she do? He did spoil things, and he would have to go.

"I told you it wasn't Shag that bothered you," said Bridget the next morning. "Just come here and see."

The little family followed the maid—and what do you think they saw? Shag jumping around and on the floor lay three dead mice—two of which were streaked with ink!

"Then that is what he wanted," said Alice, "and you won't get rid of him, after all!"

"No, indeed!" said Alice's sister, stooping down and patting him.

RUTH ERICKSON.
Norwich.

A Narrow Escape.

"Fifteen cents a quart?" said Fanny.

"Yes, he said he would give us fifteen cents a quart."

She spoke to her friend Bessie as they sat down where they had been picking blueberries.

"That is more than mamma pays the woman who brings them to our house," said Bessie.

"Yes, but we are going to give the money to Blind Joe, so we take a big price."

Just then Bessie's little sister came along. She carried a pail, too.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going picking berries all by myself!" and she walked off without a word.

"Why don't you stay with us?" called Fanny.

Dora looked over her shoulder and called back:

"Ask Bessie; she knows."

Fanny turned and said: "I believe the darling is crying? Oh, call her back!"

But she had turned the road and was out of sight.

Suddenly they heard a scream. It was Dora! She is in the cranberry bog and will be drowned! Just then a man came up and brought her to dry land.

"You're too kind for anything," said Bessie and Fanny, and hugged and kissed Dora with all their might. "You never will go picking berries alone again, never as long as I live."

"Well, I—I didn't want to," sobbed Dora.

ESTELLA OLSSON, Age 13.
Norwich.

Daniel Webster's First Case.

Daniel Webster's father was a poor farmer. Besides Daniel, he had an older son named Ezekiel. One day Ezekiel set a trap to catch a woodchuck that for a long time had been stealing his breakfasts from the garden of the Websters.

At last the woodchuck was caught. "Now," said Ezekiel, "you've done harm enough to die, Mr. Woodchuck, and die you shall."

Daniel, who had a kind heart, begged his brother not to kill the woodchuck, but to let him go. But Ezekiel would not, so they asked their father what was to be done.

"Well," said old Mr. Webster, "here is the prisoner. You, Ezekiel, shall be lawyer against the woodchuck, and you, Daniel, shall be lawyer for him. You may both speak. I will be judge."

Ezekiel began, about the harm the woodchuck had done. He told how much trouble it was to catch him. He asked if the woodchuck would not take to his bad habit again if they let him go. He ended with these words: "The woodchuck must die, and, to pay for what he had stolen, let us sell his skin."

Daniel was very much afraid that his brother had won the case, but, seeing the poor prisoner tremble, he felt pity for it, so he took courage and said: "The woodchuck has a right to life, to food and to freedom. God made him to live in the bright sunshine, in the free fields and woods. He is not like the cruel fox,, for he kills no one. Has he taken anything but the corn to keep alive? And is not grain as sweet to him as the food on mother's table? You can't say he has broken the laws as men often do; he has only done what it is his nature to do. Look at this poor, dumb, trembling creature and answer me this: Do you take away a life which you never can give back?"

Daniel paused. There were tears in his fathers' eyes. Tears that rolled down his sunburned cheeks. The plea for mercy had touched his father's heart, and forgetting that he was "judge," he started up and cried in a loud voice: "Zeke, you let that woodchuck go!"

LYDIA DUGAS, Age 10.
Versailles.

Galileo.

Galileo was an Italian. He invented the telescope, microscope and the thermometer. When 18 years old he saw lamps suspended on long cords and observed that they swung with different beats when the wind blew. Experimenting, he finally discovered the right number of beats in a minute was 60 because his string, which was 39 inches long, beat that number of times. This was the length of the pendulum of all old-fashioned clocks for many years.

This discovery has been valuable to the world for calculating correct time.

The longer the pendulum, the slower the beats. The shorter the pendulum, the more rapid the beats.

KATIE BOBECK, Age 10.
Columbia.

Pauline Cushman.

The theatre at Louisville, Ky., was crowded to the doors one March night in 1863. For Pauline Cushman, a Orleans girl, was starring in a new play.

The Civil war was at its height. Kentucky, like other border states, was nominally true to the Union, but was seething with southern sympathizers. Louisville was a hotbed for Confederate plots.

Col. Moore, United States government provost marshal of the city, could not possibly cope with all these conspiracies.

At such a time a northern address might have found scant welcome in Louisville. But Pauline Cushman was a Louisiana girl and it was whispered that all her sympathies were with the confederation. She was forever returning to the south on theatrical tours.

During a banquet scene in that night's play at Louisville she snatched a wineglass and strode to the footlights. Her eyes were ablaze and her cheeks flushed.

In a trumpet voice she offered a toast to Jefferson Davis and to the triumphant victory of his rebel armies.

For an instant a gasp of amazement ran through the audience. Then a thousand men sprang to their feet, cheering madly. They cheered because Pauline had echoed their own sentiment. Also because of her rash courage in offering such a toast in a city garrisoned by Union troops.

If a New York actress in 1918 should give from a stage a toast to the kaiser the public could not be more horrified than was the loyal element of Louisville. The whole city was in an uproar.

That very night Col. Moore, the Union provost marshal, arrested Pauline and threatened her with a prison sentence as a traitor to her country. She was a heroine trusted, petted. All doors and all arms south of the Mason-Dixon line were eagerly thrown open to her. Pauline Cushman had done a clever thing. All the while she was a Union spy!

She and Col. Moore had asranged the whole farcical affair of the toast to Jeff. Davis and her eviction from Kentucky. They had done it to make the south trust her. And they had succeeded. From that time for many months Pauline could get any information from the Confederates that she wanted. Southern spies, southern officers, southern civic authorities told her many precious government secrets. They let her see the lists of secret Confederate sympathizers and agents in various cities. They confided to her their carefully hidden processes for smuggling food and arms and despatches and medical supplies into the southern army forts and forces and she planned movements of their armies. All this Pauline transmitted faithfully to the Union government and rendered incalculable service to our country by her tidings.

At last she penetrated to General Bragg's Confederate headquarters at Shelbyville. There in some way she aroused suspicion. Perhaps by means of some spy in the Union confidence may have betrayed her.

In any case Bragg ordered Pauline arrested. She was court martialed and was sentenced to be hanged as a spy.

There was no Abraham Lincoln on hand as in the instance of captured women spies of the Confederacy to commute her death sentence to banishment, or a prison term. But before sentence could be carried out a Union army captured Shelbyville. The Confederates in their haste to get out of the city did not wait to hang Pauline, but left her imprisoned there. The rescuing Union troops acclaimed her as a heroine. They gave her accoutrements of a United States officer.

ETHEL LIGHT, Age 12.
Willimantic.

Lewis and Clark's Expedition.

When Thomas Jefferson was president people did not know anything about the far west. Nobody lived there but the cruel, savage Indians.

Thomas Jefferson sent two men through the wild country to find out what kind of people lived there. The names of these men were Lewis and Clark. There were forty-five men in the party. They were to go up the Missouri river and find a route over the Rocky Mountains. They were gone two years and four months. They ate horsemeat and dogmeat and sometimes they ate bread made from roots.

They went to an Indian's village and the Indians fed them. After they were done eating they saw a buffalo head hanging on a post. The Indians put some meat in a bowl and set it in front of the head and said: "Eat that."

They believed if they treated this head politely the other buffalos would come to their hunting ground and then they would have plenty to eat.

KATHLEEN DONNELLY, Age 10.
Lisbon.

Little August.

Once there was a little boy who was very lonesome. He always went to the woods to look for flowers. He was very kind, but people did not like him because he was homely; but there was one who liked him, and that was God. Both his father and mother were dead, but they were in heaven, and they both were watching over him.

One day when he was walking through the woods he saw a little young bird lying on the ground and he picked it up with his tender little hands and, looking up, there was a little nest in the trees which he was standing by. He climbed the tree with the little bird in his hand and when he reached the nest the mother bird had just come home to her little ones, and the boy put the other one in.

The mother was so glad to have her young one back that she always was with the little boy, and she was not afraid of him, but always ate out of his hand. He was in the woods most of the time.

The people heard of this and were very much surprised and they treated him very kindly afterwards.

The people noticed he was out in the woods mostly in the month of August, so they named this kind boy "August."

LOUISE LEBER, Age 11.
Plainfield.

Our School.

To begin with, our school is situated on Main street and is of brick construction. It has four classrooms and has three large hallways by which the pupils enter their classes. A fire escape is situated on the back of the school.

On the left side of our school is the boys' play yard, and on the right is the girls'.

On Friday afternoons we snip and sew towels and we cut gun wipes for the Red Cross.

We also have a Junior Red Cross and have our Red Cross flag.

We sing patriotic songs and recite war poems.

I also have a garden and raise many kinds of vegetables.

LEONA BERTHIAUME, Age 11.
Dayville.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Helping the Red Cross.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have been collecting money for the Red Cross. I collected $2.55, and I brought it down to the Red Cross room Friday afternoon. The Red Cross gave me a pin for collecting money for them.

I have joined the Junior Red Cross too.

I have a brother who is a sailor. So I like to be patriotic.

My mother and my sister have joined the Red Cross, also.

ROSALIE ANDERSON, Age 8.
Norwich.

How She Celebrated the Fourth.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you how I spent Fourth of July. I did not have very many fireworks. I had 10 cents worth. I thought I would save my money and get thrift stamps. I already have nine, and I am trying to get more.

My mother told me if I would keep house she would give me 25 cents every week while she goes working in the mill. And besides I get small change from my father which helps get a stamp. I think it's a job to keep house; anyhow I get a thrift stamp every week. We all have to start in working and it's warthne and we have to help.

I have to take care of my sister and fifty chickens. I have to see that they have water. I think that job is worth 25 cents.

I will close and hope that all the Wide-Awakes had a happy Fourth of July.

BERTHA LICHTE, Age 12.
Versailles.

A Young American Conversation.

Dear Uncle Jed:: I am going to tell you about a conversation between some Thrift Stamp buyers.

One of them said: "How many Thrift Stamps have you, Tommy? I have 'leven in my book and Eddie has nine."

"I've only three in my book, but I'm going to get another today, soon's teacher comes."

"Did your mamma give you a quarter for your stamp, Alice?"

"Course not! I earned it! I helped mamma and auntie to shell the peas and then I dried the dishes for mamma. That was worth one quarter; and I carried papa's lunch for a week, and he gave me another quarter; and I minded the baby for Mrs. Ross for two afternoons, and she paid me for that, so all the stamps I have in my book are earned stamps. Auntie says that's the nicest kind; and they're the kind I'm always going to have if I can."

"How did you get your money, Tommy?"

"I earned it pullin' weeds in the garden and pickin' berries for Mr. Wilson. I get two cents a quart for berries, and it don't take long to pick a quart. I think Thrift Stamps a fine way to save money, don't you, Tottie?"

"Yes. But the best thing about it is that we are all helping Uncle Sam to win the war while we are saving up our pennies. I used to spend my pennies for candy and soda and things like that; but now I save every one and it don't take long to save enough to buy a Thrift Stamp. I bet there'll be a lot of rich boys and girls before long."

People all over the country are doing just what Tottie and Tommy are doing—saving their pennies to buy Thrift stamps or War Savings stamps, and helping to provide money for our soldiers and to make bullets and other necessary munitions to win the war

Won't we be a happy people when the war is over and we have peace in the world again; and to think that we had a hand in bringing about what everyone wants more than anything else—Peace on Earth!

Are all the Wide-Awakes helping Uncle Sam in this way?

I am buying Thrift stamps. I have two War Savings stamps and have been knitting for the Red Cross. I hope all the Wide-Awakes have been helping in some way.

OLIVE GUILE, Age 15.
Norwich.

Famous Dog and His Service Flag.

Dear Uncle Jed: Did you ever hear of a dog having a service flag? Perhaps not, but there is such a dog. His name is "Baldy of Nome," and he has a flag with 28 stars upon it, representing his 28 sons and grandsons now in the service on the Italian front.

Baldy belongs to "Scotty" Allen, the driver of the famous Darling team of dogs. He has had many years of service in the wilds of Alaska, and when war broke out his children and grandchildren were called into service "Over there." They are all trained dogs and it is their business to carry munitions and supplies to the soldiers in the Alps. They are very sure footed and can climb over the most dangerous passes without losing their foothold on the ice and snow.

Old Baldy was the leader of the team of dogs for many years but was too old for service abroad, and so, like a loyal and patriotic father, he sent his boys to do the work he would like so much to do.

INEZ GUILE, Age 12.
Norwich.

The Squirrel Family.

Dear Uncle Jed: Once there lived a happy family of squirrels near the edge of a wood. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Bushytail; also, Frisky and Tommy. They had many neighbors, but the ones they loved best were the mice family.

One day Mrs. Bushytail woke up early for her sister was coming to visit. So she was preparing for a great feast. She started the fire and set the coffee on to boil, then she began making cornmeal cakes. Everything she needed was there except the cornmeal.

So she went to wake Mr. Bushytail, but she must have shouted too loud for her children (Frisky and Tommy) woke up too. Mrs. Bushytail told Mr. Bushytail that she had no cornmeal to make cakes with. So he took three bags, filled them with corn, put them on his wheelbarrow and started off to the mill.

While he was gone Frisky and Tommy did the most cunning trick. Their mother told them to go out and pick some sticks to make the fire brighter, but instead of getting the sticks Frisky and Tommy thought they would go to see their friends on the other side of the wood.

They started off very happily, although they didn't know the way for they hadn't seen them since last Thanksgiving, in the woods it was very quiet in some places, but in others it was quite noisy. Sometimes they heard the wind rustling the leaves on the trees and they thought it was a snake coming to devour them. Tommy was the older and had his senses, but Frisky was a great deal smaller and younger and she would cry at the least thing.

When they came to the heart of the wood Frisky wouldn't go any further, but began crying. Tommy left her and went to look for a safe place where she might sleep.

Soon he found a hole in a tree and called to Frisky who came willingly. Tommy helped her get in, then he himself crawled in. They soon fell fast asleep and slept till it was getting dark. Then they thought they would start for home so they took hands and began running.

They had not gone far when they met their father, mother and aunt and were coming to look for them. Their aunt was holding a lantern to light the way. Tommy and Frisky heard enough of scolding from their parents for a while, but when they reached home they were being hugged and kissed and instead of having the feast at daytime they had it at night.

The next time their mother told them to do something they did it and never again did they run away from their happy home.

SOPHIE GASKA, Age 12.
Jewett City.

My Farm Home.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about the farm I live on. There are one hundred and twenty acres. We have twenty-three sheep and ten lambs. We have seven cows and six heifers, and two bulls. We also have two horses.

I have a war garden in which I am raising beets, radishes, peas, tomatoes, carrots, peppers and several other vegetables.

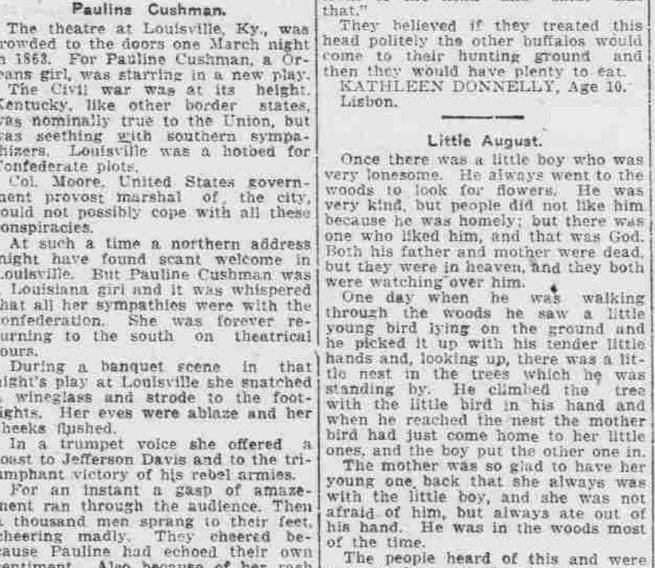
All of the eight children in my school have bought Thrift stamps. When school closed we had about $30 worth of stamps. I have six Thrift stamps and hope to get my card filled before December.

I hope all the Wide-Awakes have war gardens and Thrift stamps this year.

RAYMOND AYER, Age 19.
Norwich.

An old-fashioned rosebush in Mrs. Albert Fletcher's yard in Laurel, Del., that never was grafted, has three beautiful roses, one red, another white and the third blue. No one in the city ever saw or heard of anything like it.—Boston Globe.

A Little Pig-Club Girl, by Margaret Nosworthy. This little pig went to market, and this little girl bought Thrift Stamps.



Tenth Prize, $0.25, to Hilda Holmber, of Norwich, The Little Nut Cracker.

WIDE-AWAKE STORIES

Temper and John Webb.

By Norman W. Twiddy.

That he was hot-headed, John Webb knew. John was as fiery as the bright red thatch which covered his head. In school, John was as smart as most boys; in his home, he was courteous; in his sports, he was square—only one bad habit was fixing itself in sixteen-year-old John's being—Temper. Smart, courteous and square, he was—when everything went along smoothly. When it didn't—wow!—he went off like a hand grenade.

The "Eagles" were playing the "Invincibles" for the baseball championship of the Junior League. The League was an eight-team one and his bunch—the "Eagles"—were but one-half a game behind the "Invincibles" for first place. This would be the final game. Every member of the winning team would receive a medal offered by the leading newspaper of the town.

John Webb played shortstop, 3-3 in the fifth, with the "Eagles" up and John on first! Suddenly the boy at the bat hit a hard grounder toward second. John was off like a streak. The "Invincibles'" second baseman got the ball and tagged John as he slid for the bag.

"Out" shouted the umpire.

Then "Old Man Temper," who had made a slave out of John, whispered to him, "Go on. Kick up a rumpus." He lost control of himself and up he went into the air like a dirigible. He flung his cap on the ground and kicked the earth with his spikes. His face began to match the color of his hair.

"You're out a mile," grunted the "Invincibles'" second baseman—a smaller boy than John.

John, without thinking of the boy's size or of fair play, hit him on the chest. The boy staggered and went down.

The umpire seized John by the arm. "You rowdy!" he said. "Any more of that and you go out of the game."

The words cut John. He walked back to the bench, still boiling inside, but trying to fight his anger down. He was ashamed of himself.

With a boy on third, in the sixth, an easy grounder was hit to John. He was unstrung. His fit of temper, his striking of the smaller boy and the umpire's rebuke had been tormenting his sense of squareness. First he fumbled, then booted the ball! The boy scored from third; the batter was safe at first. John felt miserable for more than one reason.

That run proved the winning run for the "Invincibles." Webb's fumble in the sixth had lost the game, his teammates said—but he knew the game had been lost before that. It had been lost in the fifth inning when Temper had beaten him without his even fighting.

The championship lost; no medals for the fellows; and he, John Webb, had struck a smaller boy! John did a lot of thinking, as he slowly and sadly changed his uniform for his street clothes without speaking to any of the fellows.

What would this temper, if it was going to lose a baseball game and make him hit a smaller fellow now, do when he was older? John had dreams of going through college and of becoming a successful lawyer. A wise little head had John when he "came down to earth." He figured that, if Temper could do so much harm at sixteen, he had better get rid of it before he was a day older.

Outside the locker room, John run into the small second baseman of the "Invincibles." "I'm sorry I hit you," he said. And it took some manhood to say that. "I was out, all right. I'm going to learn to swallow my temper."

He did. John Webb discovered a big truth—that self-control is the first law of success.—The Boys World.

Can a Girl Garden?

Let two girls who have made the venture give answer. They live in Vermont and are sisters. They cultivated last year a little less than four acres of ground, with only such help as was given them by a veteran of the Civil War whom they hired to help them a part of the time. This is an exact list, given by one of the girls, of what they harvested from their four acres:

"Three tons of hay, eighty bushels of potatoes, thirteen and one-half bushels of beans, fifty pumpkins, twelve squashes, 600 tomato plants sold at sixty cents a dozen, 100 heads of cabbage, fifteen heads of cauliflower, sixty-five mangold beets, two bushels table beets, four bushels string beans, five bushels green peas, six bushels green corn, six bushels turnips, two and one-half bushels carrots, three bushels parsnips, one-half bushel onions, four dozen bunches celery, two bushel cucumbers, sixty baskets strawberries, twenty-three baskets raspberries, ten baskets currants, ten dozen day-old chickens, 240 broilers, 761 dozen eggs, 220 pullets raised."

It will be seen, from this that the girls kept chickens on their four acres of ground and in addition to the products enumerated they sold from their garden asparagus, rhubarb, lettuce, sage, radishes, Swiss chard and a good many flowers from a pretty little flower garden. Can girls garden? We think so. And they can do so, not only with gain to their purses but with great gain to themselves in physical strength and general health, since there is no more wholesome and healthful occupation in the world than that of gardening. Moreover, under existing conditions, a girl is in the service of her country when she is adding to the food supply as these young Vermont sisters have added to it.—M. M. M.—In the Girls' Companion.

Seventh Prize, $0.25, to Roger B. Miner of North Franklin. The Jolly Tar.